

ENGLAND'S Black Tribunal; OR, C1219 6 (23) The ROYAL MARTYR.

SHEWING,

How they impeached the King of Murder, Treason, and other heinous Crimes, not suffering him to answer for himself, but treated him worse than a Malefactor. How the King took Leave of his Children, with his hearty Prayer for the Prosperity of the Church and Kingdom, and then submitted himself to the fatal Block, where the Executioner severed his Head from his Body.



TRue Churchmen now, I pray behold and see
Great Charles, once England's King, in Misery:
His Sufferings I now do mean to tell,
And how Britain did against their King rebel.

A Court they made, which they did Justice call,
And there these Traytors, most tyrannical,
Did cruelly impeach the best of Kings
Of Murder, Treason and such heinous Things.

they us'd this Royal Pris'ner there;
not suffer'd Truth for to declare.

says Charles, a most amazing Thing,
ake Laws now for to try your King.

*I, that was once the Prince of all the Land;
And always for the Christian Cause did stand:
Must I be brought unto the Bar to hear
Your unjust Cause, what you please to declare.*

*Our Court is just, the President reply'd;
By this Authority, Sir, you are try'd:
By the Lords and Commons of the Land;
'Tis not for Pris'ners to disputing stand.*

Then said the King, *I think my Case is hard;
Worse than the Malefactors I am serv'd;
For they have Liberty to plead their Cause:
Why don't you grant me the true British Laws.*

*Consider first, you know I am your King;
Take heed, lest on this Land you Judgments bring:
If that the Lords annointed you do slay,
Take care you don't repent the bloody Day.*

In vain did speak this Prince of Royal Blood;
His Words indeed they did but little Good;
For by these bloody Tyrants he was cast:
Charles Stuart, you must lose your Head at last.

As he pass'd down the Stairs, the Soldiers base
Did smoke Tobacco in his Royal Face,
And spitting on him as he did pass by;
Forgive them Christ, forgive them he did cry.

*'Tis no more than what my Saviour dear
Did suffer for poor sinful Mortals here:
If thus the King of Heaven they did kill,
What is my Blood to his which they did spill.*

*My earthly Crown I freely down do lay,
Although they thus do take my Life away,
I hope a Crown of Glory to obtain,
For ever with the Blest above to reign.*

*I now do suffer for a Cause that's good;
For the Protestant Cause I always stood:
And when my Head they from my Body take;
Christ keep the Church for thy dear Mercy's Sake.*

Then did he beg his Children for to see;
He being granted then that Liberty:
Those that in England then present were,
To see their dying Father did repair.

When the Lady Elizabeth her Father see,
She trembling, fell upon her Knee;
Having the Duke of Gloucester in her Hand.
Rise, said the King, before your Father stand.

*Behold, dear Child, the King to her did say,
Great Charles, who England's Scepter once did sway,
Is try'd and cast upon the Block to die;
Not knowing of the Cause or Reason why.*

*O Royal Father, said the Princess then,
What must become of us when you are gone.
If they've the Heart to slay my Father dear,
I fear our Deaths is likewise drawing near.*

*If I could die upon the Block with thee
Death would but be a Trifle unto me.*

*But I must live to see my Father bleed:
O cruel Tyrants that does do the Deed!*

*O Child, when I am gone, the King reply'd,
You have a God for to stand on your Side:
I hope he will preserve Charles Stuart's Race;
So Heavens bless and mark you all with Grace*

Then taking of the Duke of Gloucester young
Upon his Knee, which was his youngest Son,
He said, Sweet Babe, this Charge I give to you,
That to your Brother you obedient be.

*It is your Brother Charles that I do mean;
You must call him your Sovereign, Lord and King:
For they will now cut off thy Father's Head.
The Baby wept for to hear what he said.*

Then who must be my Father, said the Child,
The God of Heaven, said the King, and smil'd.
With that the Babe around his Neck did fly:
Saying, Father dear, let us together die.

This kind Expression, from a Child so young,
Did cause the Tears like Fountains for to run.
Ten thousand Times he kiss'd his Children dear,
Then on his Knees fell down for them to Prayer.

Then blessing of them, took his last Farewel;
Saying, *With your Father Things will soon be well.*
Next to the Block this Martyr was convey'd;
At his own Palace Gate to lose his Head.

How can the Presbyterians bear to hear
How patiently he did his Sufferings bear:
How freely he his earthly Crown did leave,
In Hopes a Crown of Glory to receive.

His Corps in Windsor Chappel it was laid;
Where the Bishop of London was denied
At his Funeral to use the Common-Prayer;
A Thing his Royal Master lov'd so dear.

Thus fell the Church, as likewise fell the King,
O cruel Presbyterians, sure this Thing
Will never be forgot, the bloody Day
In which their Royal Master they did slay.

We never more will put it in their Power,
The Church of England for to devour:
Heaven's preserve the Church, likewise the State
And keep it from the Presbyterians Hate.

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